

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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HASTE MAKES WASTE.

Don't be in a hurry. Haste makes waste. Many of the economic, moral, individual, come of it. Life may be too strenuous for good results. The spirit of hurry, good in its place, causes friction, clashing, losses.

Don't be in a hurry. Many are in haste to get rich. They patronize, get-rich-quick schemes. They speculate. Where one wins, a thousand lose. There is only one safe way to make money—the old-fashioned way of honesty, industry, economy. That way is slow, but it is reasonably sure.

Don't be in a hurry. Young persons get in a haste to be educated. Education is a GROWTH. Knowledge, experience, must not only be digested, but assimilated. That requires time. It does not delay the boy or girl to stop between terms to teach school. Opportunity is given to put into practice some of the things learned in college.

Don't be in a hurry. Some are in haste to make a reputation, but reputation without character behind it is worthless. And character is a GROWTH. Mushroom characters will make mushroom reputations. You will be taken for what you are. The world will size you up. Build solidly.

Don't be in a hurry. You cannot expect to get rich quick, educate yourself in a day or build a reputation on a flimsy foundation.

Don't be in a hurry. Mind and body can only be strengthened by DEVELOPMENT. That takes time. Science has given it out that RELAXATION is the secret of mental and physical life. Nervous and muscular contraction is wearing the hurried man to a frazzle. Therefore men and women are excitable, frictional, erratic; therefore the breakdowns, the aysays. It is the constant TENSION of nerve and muscles. Relax frequently. You will succeed better. You will live longer.

Don't be in a hurry. Suppose you get wealth. How will you enjoy it or use it to the advantage of the world if you are worn out, exhausted, wrecked? Suppose you get an education, like Thomas Curran, aged twenty, of the senior class of Yale, '03, you receive your diploma on your deathbed, having killed yourself for a piece of sheepskin. Suppose you gain a reputation for brilliancy and give an exchange a well balanced, amiable mind or a sound physique.

Don't be in a hurry. Work steadily, sanely, surely. Hold the even tenor of your way.

Don't be in a hurry.

The Finding of a Book.

Literary history is full of romances. Only the other day one came under my notice—a literary find—but I must not tell the story in full at present. It was a well known book of the Elizabethan age which some student of that remote period had purchased from the press, a thin quarto or folio. He had sat in the fireplace in the old manor and had read till he tired and then put the book on the stone ledge by his side, where it had been forgotten for generations, protected by the dust and by the warmth. The fireplace in due course got bricked up.

A modern stove had taken the place of the old one, and generation after generation were born, married and died in the old house, unconscious of the fact that a masterpiece of the Elizabethan age was buried in the stone work of the fireplace.

But the other day—400 years after an absentminded Elizabethan reader had casually thrown it on one side—great structural alterations were made in this house, the new fireplace and the modern one were alike torn down, and the old book was unearthed, with soiled cover, it is true, but with pages inside as clean and sweet as if the ages of good Queen Bess and those of King Edward came together instead of being separated by centuries—London Sphere.

A Good Stille. Ellison Capers, a bishop in South Carolina, described at a dinner in Columbia a graceful incident that had befallen him.

"I preached one day years ago in Burgaw," he said, "I liked my sermon rather well. An old colored man at the house where I was staying told me after the service that he had liked the sermon too. She said she had found it improving."

"What was it about?" said I.

"Indeed, sir," said the old woman, "I can't remember."

"If you remember nothing of the sermon," said I, "how can it have improved you?"

"She pointed toward a great array of clean white linen spread on the lawn to dry."

"Do you see that linen I have been washing and drying, sir?" she said.

"Yes," said I.

"That linen is all the better for its washing, isn't it?"

"Yes," of course.

"But not a drop of soap and water is left in it, is there? Well, sir, it is the same with me. Not a word of the good sermon stays in me, but I am all the better and cleaner for it all that."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Fortunes in Waiting. Do you want a fortune? One of colossal proportions is waiting for the man whose ingenuity leads him to invent a perfect substitute for either rubber or gutta percha. The supply of these two substances has been almost stationary, while the demand is constantly increasing. The world also wants malleable glass, as well as a means of obtaining artificial electricity at first hand, and the man who discovers either will be conferring a great boon upon humanity and earning immense wealth for himself.—Grand Magazine.

Gold, Diamonds and Iron. By combining the most trustworthy data obtainable the French scientific journal *La Nature* estimates the total amount of gold that has been extracted from the earth during the same period is estimated at about twenty tons, valued at \$700,000,000. Basing the comparison upon weight, the amount of iron daily produced is nearly equal to the total quantity of gold taken from all the earth's mines since they were first opened.

The "Language" of Animals.

Husky thought that because of the absence of language the brutes can have no trains of thought, but only trains of feeling, and this is the opinion of most comparative psychologists. I am myself quite ready to admit that the lower animals come as near to reasoning as they come to having a language. Their various cries and calls, the call of the mate, to the young, the cry of anger, of fear, of alarm, of pain, of joy—do serve as the medium of some sort of communication, but they do not stand for ideas or mental concepts any more than the various cries of a child do. They are the result of simple reactions to outward objects or to inward wants and do not imply any mental process whatever. A grown person may utter a cry of pain or pleasure with a mind utterly blank of any ideas. Once on a moonlight night I lay in wait for some boy poaching on the river. As I suddenly rose up, clad in a long black cloak, and rushed for one and seized his leg as he was hastening over the fence he uttered a wild, agonized scream precisely as a wild animal does when suddenly seized. He told me afterward he was simply frightened out of his wits. For the moment he was simply an unreasoning animal.—John Burroughs in *Outing Magazine*.

They Were Acquainted.

When Senator Knox of Pennsylvania was abroad recently he was met at the station in Paris by a member of the American embassy. After the senator and his friend had exchanged greetings the diplomat remarked: "It is the way, senator, the handsomest woman in continental society is in the station. Wouldn't you like to meet her?" "No less honored than delighted," returned the senator gallantly. Thereupon the two men crossed the street and found a countess waiting. The countess said: "I am so glad to meet you. You are just the person I was looking for. I have been waiting for you since you left your distinguished countrymen." Turning, the countess after one quick glance rushed toward the senator and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed: "Why, Uncle Phil, you dear old thing, where ever did you come from anyway?" It was Countess Gantant de Biron, who before her marriage was Martha Leishman, daughter of the American ambassador to Turkey. Years ago, before the Knoxes or Leishmans became known to the world at large, the two families were near neighbors at their homes in Pittsburgh. A short-tempered miss of the schoolgirl genus Martha Leishman was a great chum of Senator Knox's only daughter, and to this day the countess is looked upon as a member of the senator's family.

The Book Was Found Guilty.

Even in Russia it does not often happen that a book is found guilty against a book and not against the author or publishers thereof. Yet a case of this kind was brought before the Warsaw courts the other day. The charge was laid against a work by a certain Gustave Baumfeld as being of a revolutionary tendency to arouse its readers to revolutionary acts of violence. The book was empty, and evidence was given by the police, who had confiscated the book. The verdict was pronounced against the book and amounted to an order that it should be burned. The explanation of this peculiar incident is that the book in question was discovered by the police while still in the printer's hands, and that, as it had not yet been published, neither the author nor the publisher was held responsible for its revolutionary tendencies. All the name was laid on the book, of which every sheet has been destroyed.

Rapid Shoemaking.

A story of lightning-like rapidity in shoemaking is told by a London paper. It appeared that while the German emperor was in England a London shoe firm received an order for a pair of shoes for the imperial feet. A messenger was dispatched early in the morning with several pairs of the highest priced footwear, none of which was accepted. An offer to make a pair of shoes was accepted by the emperor's adjutant, and on a telephone message to the factory in London two men were put to work. At 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon the royal boots were completed and shipped to the German monarch. The shoes, which, report says, fitted perfectly, were worn by his majesty the same evening. The time consumed in making them was two hours and thirty minutes.

Montreal Cabbies.

There are 600 cabbies in Montreal, and in winter they exchange the cab for the sleigh. An energetic man is said to earn, roughly, \$1,500 per annum, or about \$125 a month. It takes 12, a week to maintain a cab, and a cab properly, and the license fee is \$10. The "cabby" of Montreal must have his application signed by twelve responsible citizens, by the police captain in the ward in which he resides and by a clergyman. Four hundred of the 600 cabbies are married, and altogether 3,000 persons in Montreal gain a living, directly or indirectly, through the cab business.

The Black Lemur.

Several specimens of the black lemur have lately reached the zoological gardens, where this remarkable species (*Lemur macaco*) is now well represented. There is no difficulty in identifying the male of this species; it is as black as it is possible for any creature to be. With the female, however, it is different; it is not black at all; it is brown. So great is the variation between the sexes that it is not until a pair is seen together that the identity is not suspected until a pair is seen together in the menagerie. That was many years ago, and several black lemurs have been born in the gardens since. The first female which came to the gardens was described as a new species, *L. leucostictus* (white whiskered), for it has a white ruff round the face, and its ears are fringed with white. Among animals it is usual to find the more brilliant coloration in the males. To this rule there are, of course, exceptions, of which the case of the black lemur is not the least striking.—Westminster Gazette.

Decent of Thorium.

Seldom in the history of the chemical industry has any chemical product undergone such marked variation of price within a few years as thorium, the principal constituent of incandescent mantles. Early in 1894 thorium nitrate was sold by the German combination at 2,000 marks per kilogram, and by January of the next year it had fallen to 900 marks. In July of the same year it stood at 500 marks. In November at 300 marks. In 1896 it fell to 150 marks, and in October to 90 marks, touching the very low price of 30 marks in 1899. After that the price was pushed up to 63 marks, less 7 per cent discount in May, 1904, a figure which the "combination" succeeded in maintaining till January of this year, when it dropped to 27 marks less 3 per cent discount.

A CONSPIRACY.

Father Discovers Why He Was Asked to Go to the May Services.

"One evening at dinner in the latter part of May," said Mr. Parokyal, "the wife asked me if I wouldn't like to go to the May services at church that evening—with her, of course. I caught her exchanging a glance across the table with our eldest boy, a little then, when she made that suggestion to me. Therefore, said I to myself right away, it was a put up job."

"But there I was—no way to get out of it. I thought a bit aggressively of the comfortable, lolling smokers I'd miss if I went, and I experienced at a teeny touch of resentment over the rather smooth and serene way I was being chiseled out of 'em. But there was no way out."

"Why, certainly, mother, I'll go—glad to," said I as hastily as I could make it, and then again I caught that significant exchange of glances between the boy and his mother, just as if they'd achieved some kind of a victory or the other."

"Well, the boy executed his usual disappearance soon after dinner, and then, allowing me to burn up just one cigar, my wife bled me to bustle and bustle me around, and presently we were on our way to the May services. I had to grin a bit sheepishly as we drew along the path."

"Fine work for you, little lady," said I to the boy's mother. "Do you know how many years it's been since I attended May services? Well, I don't want to tell you," said she. "I don't want to hear it. And don't ever say anything like that before the children. You know how they notice these chance remarks." And with that we were inside the cool, fragrant church and on our way to the pew."

"Well, what a long stretch of years that fragrance took me back across—that mingled fragrance of roses and drifting incense. Noticed it the minute I set foot within the church—first, the smell of the roses that were heaped up on the main altar and on the side altar and then, as we got inside, that other aroma of the incense. I declare that those two fused fragrances—and they might well together if you've ever noticed—just clean picked me up and set me back on the road a good thirty years, and a good bit of that road right hard going at that."

"My wife and I sat down in the pew, and I was listening to some of the old familiar May evening music, full of old reminiscences, when the mother gave me a slight nudge."

"I turned and looked at her, and her eyes were shining brightly, sure enough. And she was nodding in the direction of the altar. I thought she meant that she wanted me to stop looking around at the decorations and things and to pay attention to what was going on at the altar, and so I followed her gaze."

"Well, then I understood the meaning of that put up job between her and me. The book was empty, and evidence was given by the police, who had confiscated the book. The verdict was pronounced against the book and amounted to an order that it should be burned. The explanation of this peculiar incident is that the book in question was discovered by the police while still in the printer's hands, and that, as it had not yet been published, neither the author nor the publisher was held responsible for its revolutionary tendencies. All the name was laid on the book, of which every sheet has been destroyed."

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ELOQUENCE SUBLIMATED BY DEATH.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the integrity which felt dishonor like a wound. They would have fallen upon the sordid plunderers, which in latter times have infested public life. Like Elijah upon the prophets of Baal, I cherish the hope that our Southern blood will produce the type again—that with renewed prosperity we will again introduce into public life a class of men able and willing to devote themselves with pure and unwavering fidelity to the public service, and free from the all absorbing struggle for bread, which has been the portion of Southern men for so many years. May it be the lot of our children to perform the duty of freemen in a republic, with as willing hearts as ours, but at no such fearful cost.

Old-Time Southerner.

The reason why I have this hope that the old-time Southerner shall live once more is because the Southern boys love and cherish the deeds of their ancestors. They do not forget. The ideals of the fathers are real to the sons. The home these young men pay to us old Confederates is sweet to our declining years; but sweetest of all, because it bespeaks a love for the dreams which we cherished and a willingness to die for them if need be.

The story is told of Bertrand du Guesclin, the national hero of France, that just before his death he succeeded in the reduction of a fortress. The commander refused to surrender to any but Du Guesclin himself. So the body of the great leader was laid upon his bier, and the stern defender gave his fortress keys into the hands of the dead. There have been brave soldiers and pure statesmen since the days of the sixties; brave soldiers, too, as none better than Alabama knows; but the keys of our Southern hearts were laid long ago in the hands of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis.

These two great souls, before they passed from us, gave us the same counsel. They advised us to accept loyally the results of the war, and to devote ourselves to the rebuilding of our wasted country. That counsel was accepted. The Confederate soldier has given to the government at Washington the same faithful support which he gave to the government at Richmond. His patriotism has expanded its boundaries without losing its quality. He yields to no man his love of the whole country and his devotion to the cause. In the war with Spain he gave proof that his sword was not asleep. It is all his country wherever the flag floats which his ancestors filled with stars. That he has rebuilt the prosperity of the South, that he has restored the commercial majesty of this glorious land, this great city is witness. The brain of a Confederate soldier conceived it, and the hands of Confederate soldiers have been busy in its work. They served their country in peace as in war. They point their children to the busy, happy, prosperous land, beautiful as the dawn, strong in developing resources, rich in promise of all that makes a State, and say, "Behold our greatest Victory."

They loved their land. With love far-brought. From out the storied past, and used. Within the present, but transfused. Thro' future time by power of thought."

We old soldiers are sitting in the twilight waiting for the evening detail, waiting for the shining angel. "With things like chevrons on his wings." We are the stragglers in the great march. The victory is already won, and our comrades expect our coming to share the glory of their triumph. In the little time left us before we report to our Great Commander, let us acquit ourselves like men. When the pale sergeant comes we shall listen for voices in the upper air saying: "Welcome, comrade! Do they love us still in Dixie?"

SOME TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The claim made that "ambrine" contains 2 per cent of alcohol is disturbing the officers and temperance people. The text of the Byrd-Mann bill seems to have escaped attention entirely. The very first section of the existing law provides that all mixtures which produce intoxication shall be deemed "drunk spirits," and this definition "shall include beer, malt liquors containing a quarter per cent alcohol and which produce intoxication."—*Alexandria Gazette*. It is understood that the "ambrine" sold by the dispensers of pop and soda water contains about four and one-third per cent alcohol, and so must come under the provision of this law.

If the figures published in the Literary Digest are accurate the Prohibitionists have a large work before them still. According to that journal the drink bill for 1899 was largely over nine hundred and seventy-three millions of dollars, and for 1907 counted up the incalculable sum of one billion, four hundred and sixty-six millions. These figures are compiled with others showing the proportion of different drinks used. In 1898 the average amount of wine drunk was one-fourth of a gallon, to each person in the United States; each over two-thirds of a gallon, of whiskey, brandy etc., in 1898 a little over a gallon was used, while in 1907 it ran up to a gallon and a third. Of beer in 1898 about sixteen gallons was used, while in 1907 over twenty-seven gallons was absorbed. It would seem from these figures that in spite of the work done by the Anti-Saloon Leagues and other temperance agencies the consumption of intoxicants grows apace. "Nearly double as much per capita if spent for drink as is spent for the maintenance of public schools. It nearly equals in value the exports of merchandise per capita. It is double the amount of the public debt. It is more than the farm value of the corn crop, which exceeds 2,500 million bushels; three times the value of the wheat grown; more than double the worth of the cotton crop. The indirect cost is beyond estimate, and so great is the waste and misery created that States are fighting the evil and endeavoring to banish the saloon as a distributing factor. It is easily the foremost question of the day, and places the support of a big navy or an army in the shade."

How Easter Is Reckoned.

The Christian festival of Easter corresponds to the Jewish Passover, or the Jewish faith. Easter day (from which the rest of religious movable feasts are recorded) is invariably the first Sunday succeeding the fourteenth day of the calendar month which (fourteenth day) falls on or next after the 21st of March. Easter day would be the Sunday following. Only twice during the past decade has Easter been later than this year's date—April 15. Throughout the last eleven years, with a single exception, Easter has fallen in April. In 1902 the date was March 30.

A Diplomatic Bishop.

The English bishop of Salisbury is remarkable for his eminently practical way of dealing with difficulties. At one of his receptions it was evident that the refreshment room would fall far behind accommodating all his guests at one sitting. So the bishop requested that "everybody over forty years old" should go down to the tea room. About a score of men, and less than half that many women, complied.

An Escape From Prison.

Ten political prisoners belonging to the most dangerous section of the Russian revolutionary party have lately escaped from one of the prisons of Warsaw in a very remarkable manner. The assistant director of the prison was called to the telephone one evening by a man who asserted that he was Colonel Meyer, the head inspector of police. This man curiously told the prison official to get ready the prison van, as the prisoners were to be conveyed to the citadel at 3 o'clock that night. As the names of the prisoners were given and as the man's voice resembled that of Colonel Meyer the prisoners in question were brought from their cells at the time mentioned.

Promptly at 3 o'clock came an officer of gentlemen in ten-buttoned uniform. The officer introduced himself as Rometelstov von Budbergom and presented the necessary documents ordering the transfer of the prisoners. To the governor's anxious query whether he had a strong enough guard to deal with so many desperate men the officer replied that a large armed convoy was waiting outside. So the ten prisoners were turned over to him.

These prisoners were placed in the waiting van, two of the policemen climbed to the driver's seat, two stood on the platform, and the rest of the prisoners got inside with the party moved away and have never been heard of since. Of the dangerous revolutionists thus liberated two had murdered a railway superintendent and most of the others had killed either soldiers or policemen.

Luxury in Wrapping Paper.

Luxury in the way of delivering groceries is to be remarked in all the baskets of goods delivered by one firm of grocers in New York who do a large business in sending baskets of fruits and other things to passengers sailing for Europe. When their first start to deliver these baskets of goods to the big liners they wrapped them up in ordinary paper, but with the extravagant spirit of the times this was considered too prosaic, and so the firm had a special highly glazed kind of paper manufactured expressly to wrap baskets. In the paper is printed a facsimile of the old-time ribbons stamped in gilt letters with the words "Bon Voyage" and with figures of Mercury bearing baskets of fruit on his upraised hand.—New York Press.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is now uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with it. It is a disease which will child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is wetting the bed, bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of this difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a Home of Swamp-Root, pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonials received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this ad, don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—THEOPHIL'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine. The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined. SOLD IN TOWN. Attention is called to Henry Murrill's Cream. He is one of the oldest and most reliable of druggists in Baltimore. He uses nothing but the purest ingredients, and it is always kept up to a high degree of excellence. All orders met with prompt attention.

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